

Laura

"O hateful Death!" my angry spirit cries,
"Who thus couldst take my darling from my ^{sight,}
Shrouding her beauty in sepulchral night;
O cruel! unto prayers, and tears, and sighs
Inevorable." "Hush!" my soul replies;
"Be just, O Stricken Heart!—the mortal strife
Which we call "death" is birth to higher life.
Safe in the Father's mansion in the skies
She bides thy coming; only gone before,
A little while, that at thy parting breath,
Thou may'st endure a lighter pain of death,
And gladder pass beyond this earthly shore;
For, with thy Laura calling from on high,
It cannot, sure, be very hard to die!"